

Chapter 677

So, this was what her end would finally be? All it took was one slap to subdue her? Hysterical laughter bubbled up inside even as tears began to flow. They said pride came before a fall, and Reasa was honest enough with herself to admit that the ease of her defeat rankled as much as being caught. When she had been a vampire she could have killed the wolf with one bite, now she was watching him through hazy vision pulling on a pair of sweatpants and reaching for what looked like a phone.

"The bitch came to me..." he was saying into the device and she knew he was talking to Michael. He appeared certain she'd be of no further trouble to him and that fuelled her inner rage.

Reasa wouldn't go down without a fight. She wouldn't be delivered into Michael's hands. Grasping at a nearby rock, she rose unsteadily and threw herself at the half-clad male.

"Stay down!" he growled, backhanding her again.

Blood welled up in her mouth as she crumpled in a heap at his feet.

"No...it's nothing. Stupid bitch tried to attack me. I thought you said she was a vampire? She smells human..."

Reasa's ears were ringing from the second blow, so much so that it took a moment to realise that something was very wrong. Struggling to fight off her disorientation, she opened her eyes, trying to raise her head up from the ground. Red...all she could see was red. It took another moment to realise what her brain was trying to grasp, and when she did, she rolled forward and vomited up her recently eaten breakfast.

Fucking Alpha! Reading him the riot act. Glaring at him with eyes full of condemnation. He could have snipped those eyes out with a flick of one talon. He could have made Rafe Armand-Hanlon weep for death. He hadn't though, he had been a good boy. He had obeyed his parents as they'd asked of him, even though Rafe was the reason they weren't with him.

He was still furious, still itching to take apart something or someone. So he had headed into the forest away from the compound, where he could destroy something without causing any harm to the pack. Dara had tried to stop him, his beautiful angel. She had tempted him and he'd almost given in but he was too close to the edge, too afraid he would do something to hurt her.

He could still see the confusion in her eyes, still see the hurt on her face as the words had spewed from his mouth. "Stop following me around like a bitch on heat. Don't you have enough wolves to whore yourself with? I'm not interested in sloppy seconds, Dara...or in your case that would be sloppy hundreds, wouldn't it?"

So much pain crossing her beautiful face, and then the expected shadow as the light died in her eyes and any compassion she'd ever harboured towards him extinguished. His own pain was like razors scraping down his skin, and he knew he would cut himself a thousand times to try to alleviate that feeling. He deserved it too, for hurting his angel as he had. *w@w.no@eLworm.com*

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"Fuck you, Kothari." Her voice had been winter frost. "As if I'd ever look at you in that way. It will be a cold day in hell before I ever stoop that low. I'm done with putting up with your shit. I don't care what you do anymore; just stay the fuck away from me from now on."

He'd given her his best smile, the one that told a person that they were visiting at the insane asylum and if they were very lucky...they may get out of it alive. "You're the one following me with your tongue hanging out, wolf. I can't shake you off no matter how blunt I am. Are you really that desperate? You should have some pride in yourself, Dara."

She had turned around and walked away without another word and she'd taken his heart with her. Only she would never know that now. He had destroyed any chance he may ever have had with her. That fuelled his rage as much as his dressing down by Rafe had. That he'd deserved both was a moot point. Everything was spiralling and he was losing all control. He had no anchor to keep him in check and he was so very, very afraid...

He heard the voices in the distance and he shadowed himself from view in an instant. No one was supposed to be out this way...it was why he always headed in this direction when his beast rose. The sound of skin on skin assaulted his acute hearing, and a woman's cry was heard. Kothari took off silently in the direction of the disturbance the last of his control ebbing as he moved.

The girl was lying on the ground when he entered the clearing, her caramel skin bathed in blood. The left side of her cheek was scraped raw, her bottom lip split and oozing blood into her mouth. He knew her from the pack compound. She was Liam's mate...the one who had come to kill them. There was no sign of the other Vârcolac, there was only a strange wolf talking on a cell phone.

"No...it's nothing. Stupid bitch tried to attack me. I thought you said she was a vampire? She smells human..."

Kothari's control snapped in that moment and he flowed into the clearing...

He took the male's arm first, slicing it off at the shoulder. The phone was still clutched in the dismembered limb's grasp as it fell to the forest floor, the wolf's blood splashing all over his face. Kothari licked at the hot nectar, vaguely aware of the other male screaming and spinning away from him. The girl was moaning in shock, vomiting onto the dry dirt but he ignored her and concentrated on his prey.

Moving at supernatural speed, he sliced through a kneecap, glee rising up inside as the wolf howled and dropped to the floor beside the girl. Had the stranger been thinking of raping Liam's mate? Kothari wasn't sure but he took care of that issue with his next cut. The stranger was screaming mindlessly now and it was the sweetest symphony Kothari had ever heard. He would leave his neck until last...so he could enjoy the music.

Another leg...and then the other arm, he was coated in blood by the time the male was just a head attached to a bleeding torso. The stranger wasn't screaming anymore which was mildly disappointing. Instead, he was uttering a pathetic mewling noise as his chest heaved for air.

Straddling the prone form, Kothi leaned forward, his breath caressing an ear that was still attached to the body. He giggled softly, rapture running through him as the male stilled completely and the acrid scent of terror filled his nostrils. "If you go down to the woods today, you're in for a big surprise..."

He giggled again as he let the ditty trail off, running his tongue over one blood splattered cheek. "This is my forest, wolf, and that is my pack mate you decided to play with. You should have stayed at home today, stupid boy, but then, I suppose if you had I wouldn't have had so much fun or dined so well..."

Kothari slit the wolf's throat with a talon, opening his mouth over the wound and swallowing down the last of the dying male's blood.

Thereasa gagged again, and again, until all she could do was dry heave. She had seen many horrifying things in her time but nothing compared to watching her captor being dismembered by a ghost. Her brain tried to tell her that it had to be one of the Vârcolac that was doing the damage she'd witnessed, however the sheer brutality on show overwhelmed any reason and all she could do was pray she wouldn't be next.

When she heard the giggling and sing-song voice, all breath left her body and her blood froze in terror. She was afraid to look up, afraid to see the madman turn in her direction. Instead, she curled up in the foetal position and prayed that her end would come quickly.

"Are you seriously hurt or is it just cuts and bruises?" The seemingly normal tone of voice was at odds with what she'd just witnessed.

"Liam's mate, do you require serious healing?"

There was impatience in his tone now but still a hint of sanity. Taking a deep breath Reasa opened her eyes slowly, pushing her sore body up into a sitting position. Hunkered down beside her was Kothari, his clothes and skin drenched in blood. She had warned Liam about this male only a handful of hours ago. She had been correct in her warning and she feared what he may yet do.

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"It's just cuts," she finally answered, her voice sounding weak and small. Her throat was also sore from all the vomiting she'd done, which didn't help her sound confident either.

Kothari was silent for a long moment and then he reached out to touch her sore cheek, running his thumb against her bottom lip. "Drink."

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